



Woman's Interests

Interests



A HUSBAND TO MARCIA

By CAROLYN BEECHER

Chapter VIII.

The ownership of an automobile entails expenses never thought of by the purchaser. So Marcia's father, as she considered the clock, the cut glass vase, the handsome robes, etc. And Marcia's shriek, albeit in gentle tone, accompanied that of the car.

"If I had known you would need so many things I shouldn't have agreed to buying the car," John said when she voiced one of her demands. She smiled sweetly, but that smile said as plainly as words:

"Oh yes you would."

John Aldrich had a queer feeling about that car, or to be more explicit since Marcia had owned it. It was a sort of helpless squelched feeling. He hated the car as if it were a human being that had done him some wrong. He hated it the day she made him buy it, he hated the suave young man who had conspired with her in taking the money from him, he hated to ride in it. Yet he paid each installment when due. He spoke pleasantly at such times to the suave young man, and he frequently rode in it, watching Marcia cleverly manipulate it through crowded streets, or drive at breakneck speed over country roads. At such times he rather expected to be killed—and wouldn't have minded much if he had been.

But the car was now a fixture in the Aldrich menage. It belonged as much as did the baby grand piano and the mahogany sideboard. Now Marcia drove to the bridge club in a style befitting her station in life—so she said to John during those first rapturous weeks of ownership. The only advantage it was to John was that his dinners on club days were not quite so cold when Marcia reached home. But as the difference was only in the degree of chilliness it was scarcely worth mentioning.

"I thought you said, Mr. Aldrich, wouldn't get you a car?" Nell French had said when Marcia drove up to the club in the shining little coupe.

"Did I? Perhaps I wanted to surprise you, Nell. A woman can make a man do anything she wants him to if she goes about it in the right way."

"You've said it, Marcia! The reason most women have nothing is because they haven't tact, or don't use it. A man's nothing but a baby in the hands of a clever woman. I can wind Bob around my little finger—just like that!" giving an illustration of winding.

The car had meant more than Marcia's pleasure. Much more. It had meant the taking on of even more extra work and longer hours for John. He made no comment, but often when Marcia urged him to go out with her he had to refuse because he was too tired.

This gave her another, a new cause for complaint.

The reason for John's refusal to accompany her to the homes of their friends, the theater, or the movies, seemed to have no weight with Marcia. We have heard that water flows furthest from a duck's back. With as little impression did John plead weariness when Marcia urged him to go with her.

It soon came to be a sore subject. "Other women's husbands go with them," Marcia pouted.

"Perhaps other women's husbands don't take on extra work." He did not add, what was in his mind. "To give their wives pleasures they could not otherwise afford."

Marcia admitted that she knew

John was busy, that he was so fortunate to have the extra work, but she missed him none the less, and really he owed her some of his time. He shouldn't have married if he never expected to go out with his wife.

"But how can I do the extra work and still go without sufficient sleep?" John asked after an argument. "Unless you give up the car and cut down expenses we would soon be in debt without the extra money I earn by working overtime."

"Give up the car! I see myself! It is just as I have told you dozens of times. If you would demand more you'd get more. Marcia is going to offer it to you on a silver platter."

"I am fortunate that I do not have to do with less, instead of asking for more under present business conditions."

"But you are so clever, John," wheedling him by running her fingers through his hair. "You are a wonderful worker, you have brains. Make them pay you for them."

John wearily dropped into silence. He was an hour earlier than had been his custom and had his breakfast alone. Marcia declared it was heathenish to expect her to breakfast at 7 o'clock, that she had been bed enough. Perhaps it was heathenish, but John was disappointed just the same. As it was for her sake he rose so early he thought she might keep

him company. He hated getting up as badly as she did.

"What's sauce for the gander isn't sauce for the goose," he said to himself as he sat down to his lonely breakfast.

He was to find this was true in many things besides Marcia breakfasting with him.

(To Be Continued.)

THEY DENY IT—Miss Anne Morgan, sister of the well known J. P. Morgan, is not going to marry Myron T. Herrick, ambassador to France. He denies the rumor, too. This picture merely shows they are acquainted.

SELECT LARGE WHITE GRAPES. Remove seeds. Melt fondant over hot water. Dip grapes in melted fondant and put on an oiled platter to cool. Nuts are delicious coated with fondant and then dipped in chocolate.

STUFFED DATES. Pour boiling water over dates. Drain and dry between towels. Remove stones and fill the cavity with fondant flavored with vanilla.

ONLY WANTED IT ONE WAY. From the Christian Science Monitor. The report in the middle west of the United States of a "diverless automobile" station along the lines of the old live stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, after the fashion of the earlier institution which would serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a live stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Twenty dollars," replied the smart stable-keeper.

After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars."

Asked to explain, he added, "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back."

The next time the traveling man came he again inquired, "What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Ten dollars," again answered the liveyman.

Several days later the traveling man reappeared without the rig and handed the stableman \$10.

"But where is my rig?" demanded its owner.

"Oh, it is over at Lankville," said his patron. "All I wanted to do was to go over."



SELECT LARGE WHITE GRAPES. Remove seeds. Melt fondant over hot water. Dip grapes in melted fondant and put on an oiled platter to cool. Nuts are delicious coated with fondant and then dipped in chocolate.

STUFFED DATES. Pour boiling water over dates. Drain and dry between towels. Remove stones and fill the cavity with fondant flavored with vanilla.

ONLY WANTED IT ONE WAY. From the Christian Science Monitor. The report in the middle west of the United States of a "diverless automobile" station along the lines of the old live stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, after the fashion of the earlier institution which would serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a live stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Twenty dollars," replied the smart stable-keeper.

After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars."

Asked to explain, he added, "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back."

The next time the traveling man came he again inquired, "What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Ten dollars," again answered the liveyman.

Several days later the traveling man reappeared without the rig and handed the stableman \$10.

"But where is my rig?" demanded its owner.

"Oh, it is over at Lankville," said his patron. "All I wanted to do was to go over."

ONE REASON FOR UNEMPLOYMENT. From the Washington Star.

"De reason some folks can't find work," says Uncle Eben, "is dat dey'd have to pass too many crap games on deir way to look for it."

NOTHING SERIOUS. From the New York Sun.

"What are Bill and Pete always whispering about?"

"They think they are bootleggers."

SELECT LARGE WHITE GRAPES. Remove seeds. Melt fondant over hot water. Dip grapes in melted fondant and put on an oiled platter to cool. Nuts are delicious coated with fondant and then dipped in chocolate.

STUFFED DATES. Pour boiling water over dates. Drain and dry between towels. Remove stones and fill the cavity with fondant flavored with vanilla.



MRS. BELMONT AND MRS. BELMONT SAIL—The lady on the left is Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. The other one is Mrs. William J. Belmont. Photographed as they sailed for Europe on the Aquatania. If you would know just what their absence means to Gotham society, look them up in the Social Register.

Little Stories For Bedtime

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

CHATTERER FINDS A HOME.

WHEN your plans are upset and all scattered about, just make up your mind that you'll find a way out.

Peter Rabbit went straight over to the old stone wall on the edge of the Old Orchard livery. Livery, tip, so fast that it didn't take him long to get there. But Chatterer the Red Squirrel never feels really safe on the ground unless there is something to climb close at hand, so he went a long way around by way of the rail fence. He always did like to run along a rail fence, and he wouldn't have minded it a bit this morning if he hadn't been in such a hurry. It seemed to him that he never would get there. But, of course, he did. You know you always get somewhere if you keep on going long enough.

When he did get there he found Peter Rabbit sitting on Johnny Chuck's doorstep staring down Johnny Chuck's long hair. "They're asleep," said he, as Chatterer came up all out of breath. "I've thumped and thumped and thumped, but it isn't the least bit of use. They are asleep and they'll stay asleep until Mistress Spang arrives. I can't understand it at all. No, sir, I can't understand how anybody can be willing to miss this splendid cold weather."

Peter shook his head in a puzzled way and continued to stare down the long, empty hall. Of course he was talking about Johnny and Polly Chuck, who had gone to sleep for the winter. That sleeping business always puzzles Peter. It seemed to him like a terrible waste of time. But Chatterer had too much on his mind to waste time wondering how other people could sleep all winter. He couldn't himself, and now that he had been driven away from his own home in the Green Forest by fear of Shadow the Weasel he couldn't waste a minute. He must find a new home and then spend every minute of day time laying up a new store of food.

"Have you found a new home yet?" asked Peter.

Up and down the length of the stone wall he scrambled looking for a place to make a home, but nothing suited him. You know he likes best to make his home in a tree. He isn't like Striped Chipmunk, who lives in the ground. Poor Chatterer! He just couldn't see how he was going to live in the old stone wall. He sat on top of a big stone to rest and think it over. He was discouraged. Life didn't seem worth living just then. He felt as if his heart had gone way down to his toes. Just then his eyes saw something that made his heart come up again with a great bound right where it ought to be. Just then Peter Rabbit came hopping along.

"Have you found a new home yet?" asked Peter.

"Yes," replied Chatterer. "I think I have."

"That's good," replied Peter. "I was sure you would find one over here. Where is it?"

Chatterer opened his mouth to tell Peter, and then closed it with a snap. He remembered just in time how hard it is for Peter to keep a secret. If he should tell Peter it would be just like Peter to tell some one else without meaning to, and then it might get back to Shadow the Weasel.

"I'm not going to tell you now, Peter Rabbit," said he. "You see I don't want anybody to know where it is until I am sure that it will do. But I'll tell you this much," he added, as he saw how disappointed Peter looked. "I'm going to live right here."

Peter brightened up right away. You see he thought that, of course, Chatterer meant that he had found a hole in the old stone wall, and he felt very sure that he could find it by keeping watch on him. That's good," he said again. "I'll see you often. But watch out for Black Pussy. Here claws are very sharp. Now I think I'll be going back to the Old Briar Patch."

"Don't tell where I am," called Chatterer.

"I won't," replied Peter, and as usual, he meant just what he said.

NEXT STORY: PETER RABBIT LISTENS TO THE WRONG VOICE.



"Have you found a new home yet?" asked Peter.

Up and down the length of the stone wall he scrambled looking for a place to make a home, but nothing suited him. You know he likes best to make his home in a tree. He isn't like Striped Chipmunk, who lives in the ground. Poor Chatterer! He just couldn't see how he was going to live in the old stone wall. He sat on top of a big stone to rest and think it over. He was discouraged. Life didn't seem worth living just then. He felt as if his heart had gone way down to his toes. Just then his eyes saw something that made his heart come up again with a great bound right where it ought to be. Just then Peter Rabbit came hopping along.

"Have you found a new home yet?" asked Peter.

"Yes," replied Chatterer. "I think I have."

"That's good," replied Peter. "I was sure you would find one over here. Where is it?"

Chatterer opened his mouth to tell Peter, and then closed it with a snap. He remembered just in time how hard it is for Peter to keep a secret. If he should tell Peter it would be just like Peter to tell some one else without meaning to, and then it might get back to Shadow the Weasel.

"I'm not going to tell you now, Peter Rabbit," said he. "You see I don't want anybody to know where it is until I am sure that it will do. But I'll tell you this much," he added, as he saw how disappointed Peter looked. "I'm going to live right here."

Peter brightened up right away. You see he thought that, of course, Chatterer meant that he had found a hole in the old stone wall, and he felt very sure that he could find it by keeping watch on him. That's good," he said again. "I'll see you often. But watch out for Black Pussy. Here claws are very sharp. Now I think I'll be going back to the Old Briar Patch."

"Don't tell where I am," called Chatterer.

"I won't," replied Peter, and as usual, he meant just what he said.

NEXT STORY: PETER RABBIT LISTENS TO THE WRONG VOICE.

SELECT LARGE WHITE GRAPES. Remove seeds. Melt fondant over hot water. Dip grapes in melted fondant and put on an oiled platter to cool. Nuts are delicious coated with fondant and then dipped in chocolate.

STUFFED DATES. Pour boiling water over dates. Drain and dry between towels. Remove stones and fill the cavity with fondant flavored with vanilla.

ONLY WANTED IT ONE WAY. From the Christian Science Monitor. The report in the middle west of the United States of a "diverless automobile" station along the lines of the old live stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, after the fashion of the earlier institution which would serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a live stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

Letters to Lovers

By Winona Wilcox

AN IMPORTANT IDEA

Not a few ultra-modern young women who insist upon their own metal and moral integrity, assert the supreme right of every woman to mother her own child. Never mind what becomes of father. When he no longer loves the mother—a not unusual contingency—he ought not to be permitted "to bother around the house," assert these radicalists.

An outraged matron complains: "My daughter returned from a long visit to Europe with some trumery notions about the rights of women. She was introduced to a very curious kind of unwed mother, an unmarried woman of about thirty, a woman of fortune, fine education and great respectability."

"She didn't pretend to have adopted the child. She openly and proudly asserted that it is her own. She expects friends to say that it is the picture of herself."

"No one ever would accuse this woman of being vulgar or thoughtless."

"She explains the child's existence by defiantly asserting that she ardently desired her own offspring to inherit her fortune, her two brothers having been killed in the war. The boy will bear the name of the older brother."

"She had no wish whatever to adopt an orphan, who must have a child carrying the family strain. And so—behold her baby!"

"But—a husband? She is very ugly—husbands are scarce in Europe—she couldn't believe that any man would marry her except for her money."

"This woman is considered an advanced thinker. Her theory, which shocks me, is the sole topic of discussion when my daughter's friends come to tea."

The theory startles any ordinary American intelligence, but it has long ceased to disturb certain women who consider themselves enlightened. Those who approve it have the

habit of turning the searchlight of truth—and of science—upon their own instincts. And they act accordingly. But they leave the child and its rights—in total darkness.

Fortunately, science today concerns itself with many things other than human instincts. There are several sciences which touch the home. And each of them makes the child the nucleus of the family, the center of interest of two parents.

According to a sound theory of life, the child cannot be reared properly in a divided home, nor by a single parent. The best kind of children must have a father's as well as a mother's care and influence. If the father is a pattern man, so much more fortunate are the children. If he fails as a model husband, then he is a good warning of what a man ought not to be. Either way, the child is saved from ignorance of how men feel, think and act.

Even the most wonderful mother cannot give her son a man's outlook upon life.

A POSER. From the Boston Transcript.

Small boys often ask embarrassing questions. A preacher was addressing the Sunday school and explaining the significance of white.

"Why," he asked, "does a bride dress in white?"

"Because white stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion in a woman's life."

Immediately a little fellow piped up: "Please, sir, why do men all wear black?"

SELECT LARGE WHITE GRAPES. Remove seeds. Melt fondant over hot water. Dip grapes in melted fondant and put on an oiled platter to cool. Nuts are delicious coated with fondant and then dipped in chocolate.

STUFFED DATES. Pour boiling water over dates. Drain and dry between towels. Remove stones and fill the cavity with fondant flavored with vanilla.

ONLY WANTED IT ONE WAY. From the Christian Science Monitor. The report in the middle west of the United States of a "diverless automobile" station along the lines of the old live stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, after the fashion of the earlier institution which would serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a live stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Twenty dollars," replied the smart stable-keeper.

After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars."

Asked to explain, he added, "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back."

SELECT LARGE WHITE GRAPES. Remove seeds. Melt fondant over hot water. Dip grapes in melted fondant and put on an oiled platter to cool. Nuts are delicious coated with fondant and then dipped in chocolate.

STUFFED DATES. Pour boiling water over dates. Drain and dry between towels. Remove stones and fill the cavity with fondant flavored with vanilla.

ONLY WANTED IT ONE WAY. From the Christian Science Monitor. The report in the middle west of the United States of a "diverless automobile" station along the lines of the old live stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, after the fashion of the earlier institution which would serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a live stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Twenty dollars," replied the smart stable-keeper.

After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars."

Asked to explain, he added, "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back."

The next time the traveling man came he again inquired, "What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Ten dollars," again answered the liveyman.

Several days later the traveling man reappeared without the rig and handed the stableman \$10.

"But where is my rig?" demanded its owner.

"Oh, it is over at Lankville," said his patron. "All I wanted to do was to go over."

ONE REASON FOR UNEMPLOYMENT. From the Washington Star.

"De reason some folks can't find work," says Uncle Eben, "is dat dey'd have to pass too many crap games on deir way to look for it."

NOTHING SERIOUS. From the New York Sun.

"What are Bill and Pete always whispering about?"

"They think they are bootleggers."

SELECT LARGE WHITE GRAPES. Remove seeds. Melt fondant over hot water. Dip grapes in melted fondant and put on an oiled platter to cool. Nuts are delicious coated with fondant and then dipped in chocolate.

STUFFED DATES. Pour boiling water over dates. Drain and dry between towels. Remove stones and fill the cavity with fondant flavored with vanilla.

ONLY WANTED IT ONE WAY. From the Christian Science Monitor. The report in the middle west of the United States of a "diverless automobile" station along the lines of the old live stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, after the fashion of the earlier institution which would serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a live stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Twenty dollars," replied the smart stable-keeper.

After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars."

Asked to explain, he added, "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back."

The next time the traveling man came he again inquired, "What is the price for a rig to go over to Lankville?"

"Ten dollars," again answered the liveyman.

The Lily Cook Says--

"If there is one time of the year when a good cook is appreciated, it is at Thanksgiving and Christmas, and those occasions are the times when we cooks really do our best and most capable work. I could go through the LILY COOK BOOK and furnish you with a very, very large assortment of recipes, but I hope you all have one of my cook books on hand, as well as a good stock

of LILY MILK, as it will greatly assist and simplify your work for Thanksgiving cooking.

"Keeping a case of LILY MILK on the shelf, is like having the 'cow' in the kitchen," at least it is just as economical and just as handy.

"Should I give you ONE GOOD TIP for Thanksgiving? I would say, BUY A CASE OF LILY MILK. EVERY CAN BEING NUMBERED--and be sure it IS NUMBERED."

Let Your Motto Be, Save Lily Milk Labels Address all communications to The "Lily" Cook, Lily Plant, Tempe, Arizona.

Lily Milk is the rich, creamy, wholesome product of Arizona's finest cows.



TREE TEA

CEYLON BLACK

THE ONE HIGH-Grade Package Tea that sells for so little!

the M-J-B product

Had your iron today?

Eat more raisins

Food for the Old Fashioned Feast

Thanksgiving Day wouldn't be Thanksgiving Day if it lacked all the good food that makes that day so memorable. Here we offer the finest kind of eatables—everything of the highest quality—at prices that are quite moderate. Make your Thanksgiving Day selections here.

FREE DELIVERY

Elwell Grocery Co.

230 East Washington St. Phone 714

Had your iron today?

Eat more raisins

Food for the Old Fashioned Feast

Thanksgiving Day wouldn't be Thanksgiving Day if it lacked all the good food that makes that day so memorable. Here we offer the finest kind of eatables—everything of the highest quality—at prices that are quite moderate. Make your Thanksgiving Day selections here.

FREE DELIVERY

Elwell Grocery Co.

230 East Washington St. Phone 714

Had your iron today?

Eat more raisins

Food for the Old Fashioned Feast